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TO CORRESPONDENTS.
No notice can be taken of Anonymous Communications. Whatever is intended for insertion in the Home Journal, must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for good faith and responsibility.
All business letters for this office should be addressed to the Editor of the Home Journal, Winchester, Tenn., and all other matters connected with the editorial department, should be addressed: Editor of the Home Journal, Winchester, Tenn.
We cannot, as a rule, undertake to return articles not found suitable for publication.

Extraordinary Spectacle in Tennessee.

The most curious phenomenon of which we have heard, occurred in Cheat-ham county on Wednesday last. The day, it will be remembered, was remarkably hot, so that most people in the county had to seek the shade about noon. At this hour on the farm of Ed. Sharpe, 5 miles from Ashland, a sort of whirlwind came along over the neighboring woods, taking up small branches and leaves of trees and burning them in a sort of a flaming cylinder that traveled at the rate about 5 miles an hour, and developing in size as it traveled.

It passed directly over the spot where a team of horses were feeding, and singed their manes and tails up to the roots; it then swept toward the house, taking a stack of hay in its course, which it set on fire. It seemed to increase in heat as it went, and by the time it reached the house, it immediately fired the shingles from end to end of the building so that in ten minutes the whole building was wrapped in flames. The tall column of traveling calorific then continued its course over a wheat field that had been recently cradled, setting fire to all the stacks that happened to be in its course. Passing from the field, its course lay over a stretch of woods which reached to the river. The green leaves on the trees were crisped to a cinder for a breadth of twenty yards in a straight line to the Cumberland.

When the "pillar of fire" reached the water, it suddenly changed its course down the river, raising a column of steam which went up to the clouds for about half a mile, when it finally died out. Not less than two hundred people witnessed this strangest of strange phenomena, and all of them tell substantially the same story about it. The farmer, Sharpe, was left houseless, by the devouring element, and his two horses were so affected that no good is expected to be got out of them in the future. Several withered trees in the woods through which it passed were set on fire, and continued burning still.

Death.

How is that having once looked on Death, we can for a moment forget it? How can we go back to our hopes and dreams and labors, when we have understood that they must all end here, that the most loving eyes must be closed thus, the busiest hands so crossed upon the breast—the greatest mind become a blank, and human beauty turn in a few brief hours to a thing of horror?—Why does not this phantom Death stand beside the altar, and say to bride and bridegroom, "Why love when there must come a bitter parting for one of you ere long? Why wed when the very wedding hour hurries you nearer to the grave as it passes by?"

How can the mother forget it, when her baby lies upon her breast, and not say to herself, "I have only brought into this world another thing to die? Why do we not see the ghastly skeleton at our feasts; see him in our streets hear him in songs; and be so bitterly oppressed by his inevitable coming as to lose all hope, and sit in dust and bewailing the bitter fate of man, who do what he may, can only live to die? Greatest of all mysteries is it, that we can go about forgetting, or seeming to forget this thing. Nor could we, so it seems to me—but for that inward consciousness of a life beyond that of this world, greater and better, where the spirit shall take up its work again, and we shall learn as we never can here, why we have lived here.

An effort is being made in Canada to unite all the Irish Catholic societies of the Province into one grand Irish Catholic St. Patrick's Society, for the purpose of promoting good will among themselves, and of relieving the suffering of the poor, and representing the Irish people in the House of Commons.

Worth Her Weight in Gold.

A TRUE TALE OF TEN YEARS AGO.

"Thank fate! I shall never be the prey of a fortune hunter."

As Sally Beaulere uttered the words she threw herself back upon the sofa, and tossed her handsome head with a light laugh.

"Your fortune is your face," rejoined her companion, as he gazed admiringly on her fine features. Sally opened her large eyes in astonishment.

"A compliment from you, Tom!" she exclaimed.

The gentleman colored. "I know I am not much given to pretty speeches, but you know Sally, that I admire you all the same."

To tell the truth, Tom Middleton had for a long time loved Miss Beaulere, with all the strength of an earnest and constant nature; but he was very diffident; he had shrank from making known his attachment, fearing Sally's ridicule, though had he been more confident of himself he might have read long ago that Sally's eyes took little pains to conceal. But Tom never imagined how desirable a fellow he was in himself, and knowing he had no great fortune to bestow, he did not venture to offer his hand to the daughter of Senator Beaulere, and the reigning belle of the city. Sally was one of a large family, it is true, and portionless, but her father's position and her own beauty made Tom imagine her to be far removed from him. Now, he only looked hurt when she thus playfully sneered at his small compliment, and turning away to the window, did not catch the tender look that stole over Sally's handsome features.

"Well, what is the weather?" she asked after a moment, as he still stood gazing out into the night.

"It is a beautiful moonlight and I think I had better go."

"Go! Oh Tom! Why this is the last time I shall see you for ever so long."

"And will you care?" he asked as he came again to her side.

Sally blushed. "Of course I shall care, Tom."

"No Sally, to-morrow you are going to Washington. You will be a belle there, as you are everywhere, and you will soon forget me."

"No indeed, Tom!" she replied earnestly. "Among all those strange faces and people, I don't care anything about, I shall long to see my old friends."

"But not me. You won't care much whether I am among the number or not?"

"Yes I shall."

Tom was a fool where women were concerned, or he would have known what those words in that soft tone meant. As it was, a wild hope did spring up in his heart, but when he looked again at that beautiful woman it died away. "I am not brilliant enough for her," he thought; but he plucked up sufficient courage to put out his hand and take one of hers.

"You are very kind Sally," he said. "I shall come on to Washington, by and by, and then I shall know how sincere your words are."

Sally's cheek burnt; but at that moment the door opened. Tom dropped her hand, as one of the numerous young sisters came in, and the golden opportunity passed away, for they were not together again for that evening.

On that very same night nearly a thousand miles away, two young gentlemen were speaking of this same young lady. They were travelers who had accidentally met on board a steamer on Lake Erie. They were total strangers and were ignorant even of each other's name, but had fallen into a chat as they strolled on deck, under the rays of the moon.

"I never was so far from land before in my life, said the elder one of the two, a fine-looking man of perhaps thirty-five."

"Indeed!" exclaimed his companion, a handsome, city bred looking gentleman. "May I ask where you are from that your sea experience has been so limited?"

From the interior of North Carolina "Ah!" cried the stranger, and his cold features lit up into sudden interest. "Then perhaps you know the Beauleres?"

"Very well, indeed; they are old friends of mine."

"And Miss Beaulere; you know her?"

"Certainly."

"I hear she is very handsome."

"Yes; do you know her?"

"No, I have merely heard of her; but I expect to meet her in Washington this winter."

"She is the oldest daughter, is she not?"

"Yes."

"And is Senator Beaulere a man of wealth?"

"Yes; that is he has a very fine estate."

"Miss Sally is the daughter of the first marriage is she not?"

"Yes, and a noble girl. Why she is worth half a million in herself alone, exclaimed the North Carolinian, enthusiastically.

His companion started a little at the word, but changed the conversation to other subjects, and before long the two gentlemen parted for the night, still in ignorance of each other's names. They did not meet again, but in the morning merely exchanged a distant bow as they left the boat in opposite directions.

The weeks passed on and Sally Beaulere was established with her parents at Willard's Hotel in Washington. As Middleton had predicted, her beauty and talents drew around her a circle of admirers, and before long she was established as one of the reigning belles of Washington.

The admiration and adulation which she received, Sally found more intoxicating and delightful than she had imagined. It was very pleasant to be the beauty of every ball-room, and constantly surrounded by a circle of admirers. The idea returning to the humdrum life of home was not always pleasant to her and she sometimes felt inclined to think seriously of accepting some of the brilliant offers that were made to her. She had been a good deal put out too, with Tom, for not speaking before she came away. Some times she was inclined to doubt his love for her, and although his earnest eyes haunted her with their wistful look of affection, she had more than one serious thought of trying to banish his remembrance and marry, as many others around her did, for money rather than to love.

Most prominent among her sworn admirers was Mr. Chilton Murray, of New York. Handsome distinguished-looking and reputed to be of great wealth, he seemed to be a match not to be despised. Since the moment of his first introduction to Sally, he devoted himself to her most persistently. Every day a bouquet of fresh flowers came to her room with compliments; every morning he hung over her hair; every evening he was ready to attend her at the balls and receptions.

Sally, to tell the truth was very well pleased with his admiration—he understood so well how to play the agreeable, he paid her such pretty compliments, he was so handsome and thorough-bred! He had already made his proposal in form, and Sally was listening to his earnest pleading, as they sat half hidden from observation, in one of the deep windows of the hotel parlor.

"Pray Miss Sally think favorably of my suit. My hopes of happiness, my future life, depend upon your reply."

The words were earnest, the tone impassioned, Sally's cheek burnt as she hesitated for reply; "I have known you for so short a time," she faltered.

"What is that? You have known me for five weeks and during that time have seen me more frequently than you would under different circumstances in a whole year. I have known you long enough to love you—madly distractedly love you! And you have known me long enough to bid me at least hope?"

She did not reply, and he bent towards her, taking her hand in his eagerness. "Sally, my dearest Sally!" His words and actions recalled her to her position and she drew back.

"You may forget where you are Mr. Murray!"

At that moment she caught sight of a gentleman who was talking to her father—"There is an old friend of mine I must go and speak to him." And she sprang up without any reply to her impassioned suitor.

Murray looked after her with a smile of triumph. He had little doubt of his ultimate success.

"Mr. Trumbull how do you do?" cried Sally as she came forward.

"Ah, Miss Sally, I am glad to see you again," exclaimed the gentleman. "The dissipation of Washington has not spoiled you. I see you are more blooming than ever."

Sally laughed and blushed.

"Come now, pa, don't you bore Mr. Trumbull with politics, but leave him to me for awhile, to tell me how every one is at home."

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and spoke to of you," said Mr. Trumbull. "Has he been making love to you?"

"What did he say about me?" asked Sally ignoring his last words.

"He did not say much; he asked a great many questions about you. But say has he proposed to you?"

"Never mind whether he has or not, but tell me what he said," urged Sally eagerly.

"He asked if your father was rich for one thing."

"And what did you say?"

"I said Yes."

"And what else? Tell me all about it," she cried, imperiously.

Mr. Trumbull laughed, "I told him you were worth a half a million of dollars," he said.

Sally's brow contracted and her eyes flashed. "You did! Why Mr. Trumbull did you say that?"

"I meant you such a fine girl you are worth it; and really, Miss Sally, I think it too low an estimate. I ought to have said two millions."

Sally laughed. "Oh that is funny! And do you suppose he believed it?"

"Certainly. And so he has been courting you?" Mr. Trumbull said shrewdly.

"Perhaps so; but are you sure he is the same man?"

"I think he is; but a question will soon set that at rest."

Sally started in her impulsive manner. "Come I will introduce you, and then I shall know the truth of this extraordinary story."

Mr. Trumbull would have remonstrated, but she was half across the room before he could interfere. Murray started forward with pleasure as he saw her approaching him.

"He is an old friend of mine, who thinks he has seen you before," she said.

"Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Murray."

The gentlemen shook hands, and then Mr. Trumbull said:

"I think we met on board a boat on Lake Erie last fall."

"Yes replied Murray with a faint flush: I remember it perfectly."

A few words were exchanged and then Murray walked away.

"Are you going to marry him, Miss Sally?" asked Mr. Trumbull.

"No indeed."

"Is he rich?"

"He is said to be wealthy."

"Then you suppose fortune will be a matter of indifference to him?"

"But what if his is as mythical as mine?"

"You must find that out."

"No, I do not care to know now," said Sally. "Let us talk of something else."

"Yes, I thought you were going to ask after your old friends. Have you forgot all about them in these gaudies?"

"Oh, no! and Sally put query after query about her home friends, until at last Mr. Trumbull said: "But you do not ask after Tom Middleton, and yet you might for he cares more for you than all the rest of them put together."

"Oh, that's nonsense! But how is he?"

"He will tell you himself."

"Tom here?" exclaimed Sally, her face lighting up with delight.

"Yes, indeed we came on together."

"And why hasn't he come to speak to me?" and the pretty face clouded again.

"He says he did not dare before all these people, but if you will go to your parlor I will send him there."

Sally started up at once, and Mr. Trumbull looked after her with a smile. He had been hoping for this match for a long time, and now as he went out to find Tom, he whispered to him:

"Speak to her to night man. I am sure she loves you."

Tom scarcely knew whether he was on his head or heels as he made his way to the private parlor. He never could remember afterwards exactly what happened when he reached it. He only knew that Sally came to meet him with a bright, blushing face, and the next thing he was certain of she was clasped in his arms.

At a tolerably early hour the next morning a note was handed to Sally. It was from Mr. Murray renewing his offer, and begging for a speedy interview.

"Ask the gentleman to come up," Sally said to the servant, and Tom, who was with her, went out without one particle of jealous objection.

The young man came up and would have seized Sally's hand, but she drew it back haughtily. "Stop a moment Mr. Murray, I should like to ask you a question."

He paused abashed by her resolute face. "What is it Miss Beaulere?"

"Do you know how much money I am worth?"

He hesitated and stammered. At last he said: "Your friend Mr. Trumbull did mention to me that you had some fortune, but I assure you, dearest Sally, that it is of yourself alone I am worth."

He hesitated and stammered. At last he said: "Your friend Mr. Trumbull did mention to me that you had some fortune, but I assure you, dearest Sally, that it is of yourself alone I am worth."

Sally checked him with an imperious gesture. "I have not a penny in the world."

He stood still looking at her with a pale astonished face.

"Yes sir, I am entirely without fortune, and whoever weds me must take a portionless bride."

"I am very sorry he gasped out the words.

"No need to express your regrets sir, I am engaged to be married, and I will bid you good morning."

Murray got out of the room as best he could, and vanished that day from Washington. His wealth turned out to be a mere fabrication of his own, and he was heard of no more in fashionable circles.

"After all, wasn't it funny that I should be courted for my fortune?" Sally said, as she related Mr. Murray's discomfiture to Tom.

"But I agree with Mr. Trumbull," he replied enthusiastically, "that you are worth your weight in gold."

Don't Break Your Neighbor's Head for Disagreeing with You.

Before breaking your neighbor's head for disagreeing with you wouldn't it be well to see how near you come to agreeing with yourself? Ten to one, your own opinions haven't all been made at the same shop. Have you never, for instance proclaimed the total depravity of mankind in one breath and in the next, that "the voice of the people is the voice of God?" If you never have, we have known many a vox popular that has, who saw no discrepancy either in this being a "bear" in his religion, and a "bull" in his political estimate of human nature. How long pray, have you entertained your present views?—not upon all subjects, but on any subject? Do they come any nearer coinciding with those you held ten years ago, than with those of the man you are ready to quarrel with to-day? If not don't quarrel with him. He is only your former or future self. Many a martyr has been burnt amid the shouts of those who, less than a decade afterwards, would have given many times its weight in gold for a pinch of his ashes. For Heaven's sake quit trying to be consistent, and above all, quit trying to make other people so. Form your opinions carefully, and not too hastily. Change them when you find them wrong. Concede the same privilege to others and never fear but you, and the rest of mankind will be consistent enough. Men who never change must either be too perfect to err, too dishonest to admit their errors, or too blind to see them. The first hypothesis is out of the question; it follows that perfectly consistent people may be reduced to two classes: knaves and fools. Count five and twenty Tattycorans, was Mr. Meagles' advice to the passionate girl in Little Dorrit. Count five and twenty times that, say we, before flying into a rage at errors and inconsistencies, merely because they do not happen to be your own.

A pleasant story which does credit in a small way to woman's honesty, has come to light. In 1856, a Southern lady spending the summer at the North, became interested in a poor seamstress. Sewing machines were not as attainable as they are now, and the lady bought one for her protegee, that she might pay for it in time, if she chose. Nothing was heard from her till the war, when the benevolent came North, in the condition of many refugees, almost penniless. To her surprise she found the money for the sewing machine in the hands of a friend waiting for her, and it formed a grateful addition to her funds. Trust in the poor is not always basely rewarded.

Where Woman Can Vote.

Up to 1848, widows and single women voted in Hungary. In Austria women can vote as nobles, and in their corporate capacity as nuns and tax payers. In Italy a widow or a wife, separated from her husband may vote if she pays taxes. In Holland women possessing property may vote on all questions directly affecting property values. In Canada, and in five other Eastern States of the Union, women may vote for and serve as School Trustees. In Sweden, in 1862, an indirect right of voting was granted to all women having a certain amount of property. In over one hundred towns in France, women vote in municipal elections.

Thomas Jefferson Speer, of Pike county, a State Senator of Georgia, under the existing regime, has been promoted to the position of express messenger on the Macon and Western railroad. The gentleman no doubt has his eye on the gubernatorial chair, and takes this as the "line of safe precedents."

The book of nature is always beautiful. But that fine book gets short of leaves in the autumn.

The young man who stood on his own merits became very much fatigued with the performance.

The Mechanism of Man.

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but hence it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in," the human body. We look upon a house from the outside, just as a whole unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man, the harmony and adaptations of all his parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about thirty-two feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages thirty pounds, or full one tenth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute: 4,200 times per hour; 100,800 per day: 36,720,000 times per year; 2,655,440,000 three score and ten; and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it: one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute; six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour; seven and three-fourths tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in two minutes.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air, at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average, 12,000 times per hour; inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body-guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled!

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one fourth to one eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be two thousand square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drainpipe one fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 301,166 feet or a little ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvelously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man."

The Utterly Disengaged Bachelor.

He is generally under five and twenty, for we do not allude to old bachelors. He dresses well, but not anxiously. It does not so much matter to him if his gloves are not buttoned, or if the parting of his back hair is not quite straight. His whole manner is that of a man who owns himself; who has no one to think of when he does anything, or wears anything, or says anything. He consorts with gay fellows who smoke a great deal, and he smokes a great deal himself. He doesn't mind owing to have been out very late last night, and being unable to find a place for his latch key when he reached home. He changes his boarding place frequently, and is generally ahead of his salary. He laughs at engaged fellows, and pities married ones. He is off hand in his manner, and pays great attention in a jolly sort of way to the latest new pretty girl. He patronizes the burlesque opera and goes along with bouquets to fling to the most fascinating performer. Even there he is fickle; and the sylph with black hair, who is his idol one night is quiet for gotten the next, for the blonde in blue and silver. On the whole, he is extremely happy—has brighter eyes, fresher lips, and nicer hair than any other kind of a man you meet, and seems to have "disengaged" and "not in love" written in every dimple.

Gen. Rosecrans declines the nomination for Governor of Ohio, in the following language addressed by telegraph to Senator Thurman. "After the war I resigned a very desirable position in the army, and left my State to secure at least the possibility of fulfilling the duties deemed sacred to my creditors and to my family. Those duties forbid me the honor of leading the Democracy of Ohio in the pending canvass for Governor."

The Prince of Wales announced in the speech he made at the cattle show in Manchester, that he had turned over a new leaf in the volume of his life, and intended in future to give his attention solely to the interest and government of the people. This is understood to mean that he will sow no more wild oats. It is certainly high time for a change, if the tenth of the stories told of the princely scapegrace are true.

Varieties.

The delinquent tax payers of New Orleans fill forty-one columns.

Motto for the Sheriff: render unto seizer the things that are seizers.

All the Philadelphia theaters are closed except the Arch.

Fifty dollar parasols, with wadded in the handles, are pretty things.

Kerosene is said to be an effective antidote to the poison of a bee sting.

Maggie Mitchell Paddock's baby is called Fanchon.

General Bragg and family have gone to Canada for the summer.

An infant nearly died in Atlanta from swallowing percussion caps.

Ex President Johnson will speak in Jackson, Tenn. to-day.

John N. Bowen has become editor of the Vindex Mississippi Times.

The overflow of the Illinois river covers over 800,000 acres of bottom land.

It is mentioned as a proof that Grant has become temperate, that he "went to Long Branch by water."

Rev. Samuel Gregory an old pioneer minister died at Thornton, Indiana on Monday.

John Deftrees is again talked of in connection with a new Republican paper at Indianapolis.

Miss Mary Putnam, daughter of the famous New York publisher, has gone to Havre to study medicine.

Colonel Charles D. Pennebacker, Kentucky State Agent, is dangerously ill in Washington.

A Pennsylvania infant blew her cheeks out while trying to eat a torpedo.

Wendell Phillips says he will give Grant six month's trial. Then he will scold him.

A water works company has been organized in Wilmington North Carolina.

Robert Tyler, son of the ex President, declines to run for Mayor of Montgomery.

During a storm last week the dog-house of Andy Way of Peru, Indiana, blew down, and thirteen dogs were killed.

Mrs. Clem predicts that revelations will soon be made that will clear her from the charge of murder and secure her release.

In some localities near Toledo, mechanics and all who can swing a scythe or bind a sheaf have gone into the fields to assist in saving the crops.

Last week the cattle in the country around Dalton, Georgia were attacked with murrain. They are dying by the score in the fields and woods.

The railways of France, which run at low rates, under restricted tariffs, have for the last six years averaged dividends of eleven per cent.

On laying the corner stone of a newspaper establishment at Indianapolis, the other day, the autographs of the editors were placed under it.

Mr. Martin Hanley, the agent of Marietta Ravel, is at present in New York arranging for the next season's engagements.

Charlotte Thompson, the actress, has married Lorraine Rogers, a San Francisco manager, and will retire from this stage.

Anna Dickinson lectures thrice in San Francisco this week. She espouses the coming John. We are glad she espouses somebody.

The Chicago Times says: "One reason why the Erie railroad does so much business that it has a dead sure thing on passengers."

Mrs. Sophie Schimmelfennig has received an appointment in the Dead letter office in Washington. Her name should be put upon the dead letter list.

A German at St. Paul Minnesota, has a clock which keeps time and tune too. It is so constructed that when wound up, it will play sixteen tunes.

A Mrs. Moon was out berrying at Allegany, Michigan, last week when a dead limb fell from a tree and struck her head. She afterward died from the effects.

A small garter snake with two heads each exactly alike, and standing out the same distance from the neck, was killed near Nashville on Monday evening.

A young lady was married at Hoodsville, West Virginia, a few days ago, whose age was fourteen and whose weight was one hundred and eighty pounds.

The merchants of St. Louis, in whose possession considerable quantities of coffee, pepper, sugar, etc. which were seized some time since were found, are filing their claims for the same, and giving bonds for costs in the United States District Court. The number who have filed claims so far is thirty-six.

It is not generally known that wool growing in South America has grown into such mammoth proportions as it really has. Even the Australian breeders have cause for alarm from this competition. It is reported, on good authority, that the number of sheep shorn there annually exceeds 70,000,000. The exports of wool to Europe and the United States amount to 230,000,000 pounds.

"What makes you spend your time so freely, Jack?" "Because it's the only thing I have to spend."

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," is the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.